

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER XV.

Tuesday still, and all manner of things had happened and were still to happen in the hurrying hours that followed Sunday night. The garrison woke at Tuesday's reveille in much perturbation of spirit, as has been said, but by 8 o'clock and breakfast time one cause of perplexity was at an end. Relief had come with Monday afternoon and Alice Renwick's letter saying she would not attend the german, and now still greater relief in the news that sped from mouth to mouth—Lieutenant Jerrold was in close arrest. Armitage and Chester had been again in consultation Monday night, said the gossips, and something new had been discovered—no one knew just what—and the tolls had settled upon Jerrold's handsome head, and now he was to be tried. As usual in such cases, the news came in through the kitchen, and most officers heard it at the breakfast table from the lips of their better halves, who could hardly find words to express their sentiments as to the inability of their lords to explain the new phase of the situation. When the first sergeant of Company B came around to Captain Armitage on the morning report from present for duty to "in arrest," and no sooner was it known at the quarters of Company B than it began to work back to officers' row through the medium of the servants and strikers.

It was the sole topic of talk for a full hour. Many ladies who had intended going to town by the early train almost perished their chances of catching the same in their eagerness to hear further details.

But the shriek of the whistle far up the valley broke up the group that was so busily chatting and speculating over in the quadrangle, and with shy yet curious eyes the party of at least a dozen—matrons and maids, wives or sisters of the officers—scattered past the darkened windows of Mr. Jerrold's quarters, and through the mysterious passage west of the colonel's silent house, and down the long stairs, just in time to catch the train that whirled them away cityward almost as soon as it had disgorged the morning's mail. Chattering and laughing and full of blithe anticipation of the glories of the coming german, in preparation for which most of their number had found it necessary to run in for just an hour's shopping, they went jubilantly on their way. Shopping done, they would all meet, take luncheon together at the Woman's Exchange, return to the post by the afternoon train and have plenty of time for a little nap before dressing for the german. Perhaps the most interesting question now up for discussion was: Who would lead with Mr. Rollins? The train went puffing into the crowded depot, the ladies hastened forth, and in a moment were on the street, cabs and carriages were passed in disarray, a brisk walk of a block carried them to the main thoroughfare and into the heart of the shopping district, a rush of hoofs and wheels and pedestrians there encountered them, and the roar assailed their sensitive and unaccustomed ears, yet high above it all pierced and pealed the shrill voices of the newspapers darting here and there with their eagerly bought journals. But women bent on german and shopping have time and ears for no such news as that which demands the publication of extras. Some of them never hear or heed the cry: "Indian massacre!" "Here's yare! All about the killing of Major Thornton at his sojourn!" "Extra! Extra!"

It is not until they reach the broad portals of the great Stewart of the west that one of their number, half incredulously, buys a copy and reads aloud: "Major Thornton, —th infantry, Captain Langham and Lieutenant Bliss, —th cavalry, and 30 men are killed. Captains Wright and Lane and Lieutenants Willard and Brooks, —th cavalry and some 40 more men are seriously wounded. The rest of the command is corralled by an overwhelming force of Indians and their only hope is to hold out until help can reach them. All troops along the line of the Union Pacific are already under orders."

"Oh, isn't it dreadful!"

"Yes, but aren't you glad it wasn't ours? Oh, look! There's Nina Baabien over there in her carriage. Do let's find out she's going to lead with Rollins."

Voicists! Far out in the glorious park country in the heart of the Centennial State a little band of blue coats sent to succor a periled agent is making desperate stand against fearful odds. Less than 200 men has the exalted wisdom of the department sent forth through the wilderness to find and, if need be, fight its way through five times its weight in well armed foes. The officers and men have no special quarrel with those Indians, nor the Indians with them. Only two winters before, when those same Indians were sick and starving, and their lying go between, the bureau employees, would give them neither food nor justice, a small band made their way to the railway and were fed on soldier food and their wrongs righted by soldier justice. But another snarl has come now, and this time the bureau people are in a pickle, and the army—ever between two fires at least, and thankful when it is six—is ordered to send a little force and go out there and help the agent maintain his authority. The very night before the column reaches the borders of the reservation the leading chiefs come in camp to interview the officers, shake hands, beg tobacco and try on their clothes, then go back to their wives and laugh as they tell there are only a handful, and plan the morrow's ambushade and massacre. Voicists! There are women and children among the garrisons along the Union Pacific whose hearts have little room for thoughts of german in the horror of this morning's tidings. But Sibley is miles and miles

away, and, as Mrs. Wheeler says, aren't you glad it wasn't ours?

Out at the fort there is a different scene. The morning journals and the clinking telegraph send a thrill throughout the whole command. The train has barely whistled out of sight when the ringing notes of officers' call resound through the quadrangle and over the broader drill ground beyond. Wondering, but prompt, the staid captains and eager subalterns come hurrying to headquarters, and the band, that had come forth and taken its station on the parade, all ready for guard mount, goes quickly back, while the men gather in big squads along the shaded row of their quarters and watch the rapid assembly at the office. And there old Chester, with kindling eyes, reads to the silent company the brief official order. Aye, though it be miles and miles away, fast as steam and wheel can take it, the good old regiment in all its sturdy strength goes forth to join the rescue of the imprisoned comrade far in the Colorado Rockies. "Have your entire command in readiness for immediate field service in the department of the Platte. Special train will be there to take you by noon at latest." And though many a man has lost friend and comrade in the tragedy that calls them forth, and though many a brow clouds for the moment with the bitter news of such useless sacrifice, every eye brightens, every muscle seems to brace, every nerve and pulse to throb and thrill with the glorious excitement of quick assembly and coming action. Aye, we are miles and miles away. We leave the dear old post, with homes and firesides, wives, children and sweethearts, all to the care of the few whom sickness or old wounds or advancing years render unfit for hard, sharp marching, and, thank God, we'll be there to take a hand and help those gallant fellows out of their "corral" or to have one good blow at the cowardly hounds who lured and lied to them!

How the "assembly" rings on the morning air! How quick they spring to the ranks, those eager bearded faces and brisk blue clad forms! How buoyant and trim even the elders seem as the captains speed over to their company quarters and the quick, stirring orders are given: "Field kits; all the cooked rations you have on hand; overcoat, blanket, extra socks and underclothes; your cartridge you've got; haversack and canteen and nothing else. Now get ready—lively!" How irrefragable is the cheer that goes up! How we pity the swells of the light battery who have to stay! How wistful those fellows look, and how eagerly they throng about the barracks, yearning to go, and, since that is denied, praying to be of use in some way! Small wonder is it that all the bustle and excitement penetrates the portals of Mr. Jerrold's darkened quarters, and the shutters are thrown open and his handaged head comes forth.

"What is it, Harris?" he demands of a light batteryman who is hurrying past. "Orders for Colorado, sir. The regiment goes by special train. Major Thornton's command's been massacred, and there's a big fight ahead."

"My God! Here, stop one moment! Run over to Company B and see if you can find my servant or Merrick or somebody. If not, you come back quick. I want to send a note to Captain Armitage."

"I can take it, sir. We're not going. The band and the battery have to stay." And Jerrold, with trembling hand and feverish haste, seats himself at the same desk whence on that fatal morning he sent the note that wrought such disaster, and as he rises and hands his missive forth, throwing wide open the shutters as he does so, his bedroom door flies open, and a whirling gust of the morning wind sweeps through from rear to front, and half a score of bills and billets, letters and scraps of paper, go ballooning out upon the parade.

"By heaven!" he mutters, "that's how it happened, is it? Look at them go!" for going they were, in spiral eddies or fluttering scraps, up the grassy "quad" and over among the rose-bushes of Alice Renwick's garden. Over on the other side of the narrow, old fashioned frontier fort the men were bustling about, and their exultant, eager voices rang out on the morning air. All was life and animation, and even in Jerrold's selfish soul there rose responsive echo to the soldierly spirit that seemed to pervade the whole command. It was their first summons to active field duty with prospective battle since he had joined, and with all his shortcomings as a "duty" officer in garrison and his many frailties of character, Jerrold was not the man to lurk in the rear when there was danger ahead. It dawned on him with sudden and crushing force that now it lay in the power of his enemies to do him vital injury; that he could be held here at the post like a suspected felon, a mark for every invader, a target for every tongue, while every other officer of his regiment was hurrying with his men to take his knightly share in the coming onset. It was intolerable, shameful. He paced the floor of his little parlor in nervous misery, even and anon gazing from the window for sight of his captain. It was to him he had written, urging that he be permitted a few moments' talk.

"This is no time for a personal misunderstanding," he wrote. "I must see you at once. I can clear away the doubts, can explain my action; but, for heaven's sake, intercede for me with Captain Chester that I may go with the command."

As luck would have it, Armitage was with Chester at the office when the letter was handed in. He opened it, gave a whistle of surprise and simply held it forth to the temporary commander. "Read that," he said.

Chester frowned, but took the note and looked it curiously over. "I have no patience with the man now," he said. "Of course, after what I saw last night, I begin to understand

the nature of his defense, but we don't want any such man in the regiment after this. What's the use of taking him with us?"

"That isn't the point," said Armitage. "Now or never, possibly, is the time to clear up this mystery. Of course Maynard will be up to join us by the first train, and what won't it be worth to him to have positive proof that all his fears were unfounded?"

"Even if it wasn't Jerrold, there is still the fact that I saw a man clambering out of her window. How is that to be cleared up?" said Chester gloomily. "That may come later and won't be such a bugbear as you think. If you are not worried into a morbid condition over all this trouble, you would not look so seriously upon a thing which I regard as a piece of mere night prowling, with a possible spice of romance."

"What romance, I'd like to know?" "Never mind that now. I'm playing detective for the time being. Let me see Jerrold for you and find out what he has to offer. Then you can decide. Are you willing? All right! But remember this while I think of it. You admit that the light you saw on the wall Sunday night was exactly like that which you saw the night of your adventure, and that the shadows were thrown in the same way. You thought that night that the light was turned up and afterward turned out in her room, and that it was her figure you saw at the window. Didn't you?"

"Yes. What then?" "Well, I believe her statement that she saw and heard nothing until reveille. I believe it was Mrs. Maynard who did the whole thing without Miss Renwick's knowing anything about it."

"Why?" "Because I accomplished the feat with the aid of the little night lamp that I found beside the colonel's bedside. It is my theory that Mrs. Maynard was restless after the colonel finally fell asleep; that she heard your tumble and took her little lamp, crossed over into Miss Renwick's room, opened the door without creaking, as I can do to your satisfaction, found her sleeping quietly, set her night lamp down on the table, as I did, and opened the shade, as you thought her daughter did. Then she withdrew and left the doors open—both hers and her daughter's—and the light, instead of being turned down, as you thought, was simply carried back into her own room."

"That is all possible. But how about the man in her room? Nothing was stolen, though money and jewelry were lying around loose. If theft was not the object, what was?"

"Theft certainly was not, and I'm not prepared to say what was, but I have reason to believe it wasn't Miss Renwick."

"Anything to prove it?" "Yes, and, though time is precious and I cannot show you, you may take my word for it. We must be off at noon, and both of us have much to do, but there may be no other chance to talk, and before you leave this post I want you to realize her utter innocence."

"I want to, Armitage."

"I know you do, so look here. We assume that the same man paid the night visit both here and at Salton, and that he wanted to see the same person—if he did not come to steal; do we not?"

"Yes."

"We know that at Salton it was Mrs. Maynard he sought and called. The colonel says so."

"Yes."

"Presumably, then, it was she—not her daughter—who had some reasons for wanting to see her at Sibley. What is more, if he wanted to see Miss Renwick, there was nothing to prevent his going right into her window?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I believe I can prove he didn't. On the contrary, that he went around by the roof of the porch to the colonel's room and tried there, but found it risky on account of the blinds, and that finally he entered the hall window—what might be called neutral ground. The painters had been at work there, as you said, two days before, and the paint on the sills was not quite dry. The blinds and sills were the only things they had touched up on that front, it seems, and nothing on the sides. Now, on the fresh paint of the colonel's sills are the new imprints of masculine thumb and fingers, and on the sill of the hall window is a footprint that I know to be other than Jerrold's."

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't own such a thing as this track was made with, and I don't know a man in this command who does. It was the handiwork of the Tonto Apaches and came from the other side of the continent."

"You mean it was?"

"Exactly. An Indian moccasim." "Montaine Mr. Jerrold had been making hurried preparations, as he had fully determined that at any cost he would go with the regiment. He had been burning a number of letters when Captain Armitage knocked and hurriedly entered. Jerrold pushed forward a chair and plunged at once into the matter at issue."

"There is no time to waste, captain. I have sent to you to ask what I can do to be released from arrest and permitted to go with the command."

"Answer the questions I put to you the other night and certify to your answers, and of course you'll have to apologize to Captain Chester for your last night's language."

"That, of course, though you will admit it looked like dying. Now let me

ask you, Did he tell you who the lady was?"

"No; I told him." "How did you know?" "By intuition and my knowledge of previous circumstances."

"We have no time to discuss it. I make no attempt to conceal it now, but I ask that, on your honor, neither you nor he reveal it."

"And continue to let the garrison believe that you were in Miss Renwick's room that ghastly night?" asked Armitage dryly.

Jerrold flushed: "I have denied that, and I would have proved my alibi could

"What can I do to be released from arrest?" I have done so without betraying a woman's secret. Must I tell?"

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Jerrold," said Armitage, with cold and relentless meaning, "you not only must tell—you must prove—that that night's doings and Saturday night's, both that and how you obtained that photograph."

"My God! In one case it is a woman's name. In the other I have promised on honor not to reveal it."

"That ends it then. You remain here in close arrest, and the charges against you will be pushed to the bitter end. I will write them this very hour."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chipper Chestnuts. When the shoestring of a girl 37 years old comes untied, you may be very sure that it was by accident; also that she will have to tie it up herself.—Somerville Journal.

The only apparent effect of advanced civilization seems to be that children begin to worry at an earlier age.—Athenian Globe.

Lady—How is this insect powder to be applied? Assistant (absentmindedly)—Give 'em a teaspoonful after each meal madam.—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Twitter (listening to phonograph)—It's just like having your husband here at home, isn't it? Wife—Mercy, not I intend an attachment to smoke, growl about the dinner, lose a hat, kick the dog and sweat to make it perfect.—Chicago Interior Ocean.

A Chelsea man sent 50 cents to New York to get some advertised directions telling how to avoid sunstroke. When the directions came, they read: "Never go out of doors in the summer time excepting after dark."—Somerville Journal.

We have found out that some of the dresses girls wear do not cost more than 10 cents a yard. Some of the girls have a way of making these dresses look as if they cost \$1 a yard.—Athenian Globe.

"Shouldn't nannies marry?" Inquires a Cincinnati paper. Of course. How could they be divorced without it?—Kansas City Journal.

McAtkins (very tiresome)—Want to hear something funny? Old Crustacean—No, I've heard it before.—Herald.

When a man takes a partner in business these days, it is an indication he wants some one to divide expenses, not to divide profits.—Athenian Globe.

Sunday is a good day for writing letters, and Monday is a good day to forget to mail them.—New Orleans Picayune.

Not a man, woman, child, or dog, but my house, old man, but my wife is busy making pies for her archery club. Todd—What do they want pies for? Nellie—Targets.—New York Herald.

When a man finds a nice old fashioned well, he also discovers that not long ago he can tell it.—Athenian Globe.

Mamma—Remember, Johannes, it is the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Never raise your hand against a boy you dislike. Have you today? Johannes—No, mamma. I gave Tommie Taddles my new ball bat to lick a fellow for me.—Chicago Interior Ocean.

It never cools a man off when the street sprinkler throws water on him.—Athenian Globe.

It is a difficult matter to fence in a boy; legged man—he always has an open gate of own.—Richmond Dispatch.

Preacher—Little boy, do you know where you will go if you play ball on Sunday? Little boy—Yes, sir; to the baseball ground.—Judge.

A book agent attempted to sell a Frankford politician an encyclopedia. "Cyclopedia?" exclaimed the Frankford man. "No! I don't want it. Wouldn't have time to read it."—Philadelphia Record.

When a man goes to thinking that he is indispensable to his employer, it is general ly time to hire some one else to take his place.—Somerville Journal.

"Er man kin run inter debt," said Uncle Eben, "but when it comes ter gittin out he's gotter crawl."—Washington Star.

People who go to grand hotels have much to put up with, and they who ride in crowded street cars have to stand a great deal.—New Orleans Picayune.

Bacon—Does it take your wife long to make up her mind when you ask if she wants to go to the theater? Egbert—No; it takes her longer to make up her face.—Yonkers Statesman.

A West Walnut street man who told his colored valet to get out what he needed for a ball was surprised when he found a razor in the pocket of his dress coat.—Philadelphia Record.

So long as Sing Sing stands New York needs no other argument to her public men.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Tableware Collector. "Mrs. Swiper has a nice collection of tableware, hasn't she?" "Oh, elegant; but I have noticed that it is of various patterns."

"Yes, but that is because the restaurants she visits have different styles."—New York Press.

An Act of Friendliness. "Why, I thought you and he were on a friendly footing?" "So we are. I kicked him merely for his own good."—Exchange.

When Baby Put on Pants. It's a day we all remember, and it's scene of solemn state. Still there's a gleam of sadness, when at home For a baby form is missing, and no childish prattle grants Its music sweet, refreshing, since the baby put on pants.

'Twas a transformation truly, and it marked an epoch grave. It took away dear babyland and boyhood to us gave. The change could be discovered with the slightest kind of glance. At the prude dishevel face of baby—that day he put on pants.

It closed the door of lullaby and opened wide the gate. That leads from arms of mother to the hill of man's estate; The light of dawn's future 'cross the fragrant pathway slants. Of baby and intrals him—on the day he put on pants.

—Atlanta Constitution.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or joints, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate relief, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

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Summer Complaints,

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A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharge continues, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water, in a few minutes, cure Tramps, Stomach, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purgative, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS cure Stomach, Nausea, Disorders of the Stomach, Fevers, Kidney, Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Constipation, OF THE LIVER.

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Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, hard piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, loss of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or veils before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, debility, perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, interfering in the night.

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For Delicacy, For purity, and for improvement of the complexion, nothing equals Pozson's Powder.

—Atlanta Constitution.



From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co., in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

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